

## **The Church of the Cell Phone**

by Roy Trumbull

In my daily travels I've noticed there is an object of devotion in evidence everywhere I look and it is the cell phone. It seemed logical to me that this should lead to the founding of a church and that said church should have a spiritual leader and spokesperson. So, I give you Brother Wooley and a sampling of his recent sermons.

### **Church of the Cell Phone**

Greetings friends. It's Brother Wooley with the Church of the Cell Phone speaking to all of you who stand staring at the screen trying to find your direction in life.

For some of you the day starts with a meaningless call from a friend or relative while you're waiting for the bus. And if you don't get such a call you check messages to see if you missed it.

That aside, you can count those little bars on the screen to verify that you are indeed in the presence.

Other religions rely on prayer hoping there is an ethereal dial tone. But my friends no matter how long you pray or where you pray or how many times a day you pray it won't bring the pizza delivery man to your door. But with the cell phone you can have heavy duty cholesterol on its way in minutes.

As with all other religions a monthly tithe is required at the Church of the Cell Phone but with that tithe you get bonus airline mileage and discount coupons. Something to think about as you kneel or lie prostrate on the cement floor in a house of worship.

No need to worry about heaven and hell. We provide an area code list that will permit you to pick a point along the continuum. So keep your batteries charged and live the good life. Brother Wooley for the Church of the Cell Phone.

### **Church of the Cell Phone Ring Tones**

Once again this is Brother Wooley with the Church of the Cell Phone.

I see you brothers and sisters out in the world sitting down hunched over flipping open your phones hoping for significance, or deliverance, or at least a better video game than the default.

And I am here to tell you I have heard you. This week only we have a set of ring tones that will astound your friends. The first is a pattern of three seconds of silence followed by four seconds of profound silence followed by three seconds of silence. The next is the sound of one hand clapping. And if that doesn't do it we saved the best for the last. It's the sound of a tree falling in the forest with no one there to hear it.

So call right now and make your free will offering to the Church of the Cell Phone. Operators are standing by. Offer is void in red states or where prohibited by law.

### **Cell Phones In Heaven**

This is Brother Wooley of the Church of the Cell Phone

Many of you have asked me if there are cell phones in heaven. Not only are there call phones but if you die while using your cell phone you and all those who died with you automatically receive unlimited airtime for eternity. So don't feel so bad about car collisions, hitting pedestrians, or rolling your SUV and killing all the passengers just because you were talking on your cell phone.

In heaven it is not a disgrace to talk on your cell phone in the movies or to flip it open and stare at it instead of making eye contact when someone is talking to you. In heaven you'll have all eternity to stare at your cell phone.

And you'll be able to get the latest punk rock or rap ring tones using our direct wireless connection to

hell.

A tithe to the Church of the Cell Phone insures your heavenly phone will come with audio, video, games, and text messaging. When you die just slip into your eternal denims, put on your earphones, and wander about with a vacant stare. You'll fit right in.

### **Cell Phones In Hell**

This is Brother Wooley of the Church of the Cell Phone. Ever since I assured you that there were cell phones in heaven I've received letters concerning whether or not there were cell phones in hell. I have a typical letter from Mr. GWB who appears unsure of just where he's going, who asks, "I am attached to my cell phone service and want to make sure I have it for eternity. Can you tell me if cell phones will work in a high sulfur environment?"

Well, have no concern. To tell you the truth the cell phone was invented in Hell and had to undergo major design changes and exorcisms to be used in heaven and on earth. For example the original which was called the H-phone looks like the touch screen models you've seen. But instead of the user pushing icons on the screen, a grisly hand reaches out and grabs you by the throat. The first time it's a real heart stopper.

Naturally we had to change the ring tones. The defaults were finger nails scraping across a blackboard, someone gagging on pure organic peanut butter was another. A big seller was a teenage girl with a kingsize Manhattan cockroach down her blouse. Now that was a scream to remember.

There was a built-in game of hangman that was particularly vivid. The H-phone came with an airline burp bag for those who had a weak stomach.

For your amusement you could download any number of car crash videos. Then there was an instructive video from the power company as to why you shouldn't try and steal a hot high tension line. But we've tamed the sucker. Now you can take a cell phone into church without all the votive candles blowing out. No longer does the alter boy's head spin like a top while hurling green stuff. We've programmed the pound key for instant sanctity and repose.

And on behalf of the Church of the Cell Phone let me assure you that when you tithe and receive one of our cell phones and put it in the pocket nearest your heart you'll heart faint strains of harp music. On the other hand, there are some of you who will hear rap with really vile lyrics.

### **Ministers in the Church of the Cell Phone**

This is Brother Wooley of the Church of the Cell Phone.

I have a letter from Billie-Bob of No-Trees Texas who asks "Does the Church of the Cell Phone have ministers". Yes indeed Billie-Bob we call them Customer Service Agents. He goes on to ask if there is a scripture. Well of course. And you all have it. Some of you may have stuck it away in a drawer, others of you lost it right after you got your cell phone, and at least one friend of mine is using it to level a leg on his kitchen table. I'm referring of course to your cell phone user manual.

When you are in need of information on how to conduct your life and you call customer service you are told that the call may be monitored. And who might be doing the monitoring? Monitoring occurs at the highest level and is done by an agent of Archbishop of Minutes in Helsinki Finland.

No self respecting religious text is ever clear and concise. The cell phone user manual is modeled after the bible and so is ambiguous at best and has numerous voids in the text that only customer service can fill in. Focus groups were formed to determine the most likely FAQs and those topics were removed from the index and the text so you must talk to customer service. They will soothe you with strangely accented jargon and read from the divine call script and make mystic utterances not heard since the time of the oracle at Delphi.

Please note in this poseur point diagram I have up showing the keyboard of a typical cell phone with numbered arrows pointing to all the special buttons and connectors. If you are a seasoned user you can readily see the volume control is labeled as being the earphone jack and that the mini USB is marked as the charging connection. That's intended to make the supplicant humble and contrite but it does sometimes provoke madness in a literalist.

All religions have great mysteries and the Church of the Cell Phone has one of the greatest mysteries which is how to extend the display time. The information isn't in the text, no sub-menu holds it, and only the Archbishop knows the answer. But I must be frank with you. Every time a new model comes out he takes a vow of silence that is maintained until that model is obsolete.

Now let us all bow our heads in silence and change the wallpaper and ring tone, perhaps play a game or two before going back to our secular duties.